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THE

Poet's Fancy:

IN A

LOVE LETTER

TO

GALATEA,

OR

Any other FAIR LADY

In English and Latin.

Written by Mr. Jos. Perkins, the White Parson.

L O N D O N,

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THE Poet's Fancy, &c.

READ o'er these Lines, O Fairest of the Graces?
 Whose Beauty *Spartan Helena's* surpasses:
 And in the Reading of 'em may no less,
 A Generous Flame your Tender Breast possess;
 Disdain me not; for why should you abhor
 The *Muse's* Darling, whom the *Nine* adore?
 A Thousand Beauteous Nymphs to me resort,
 You may have HIM, whom Thousands vainly Court.
 For I forsake 'em all in hopes of thee,
 So, *Galatea*, thou prove true to me.
 If with a Poet thou can't Wed, then shall
 The Set of (a) *Muses* Grace our Nuptial;
 Officious *Clio* Dress my Spouse to Bed,
 And each *Grace* throw the Stockin at her Head.

But lest I seem Contemptible to you,
 I'll tell thee, Dear, what I can bring thee to;
 A (b) Mansion seated on *Parnassus-Hill*,
 This Joynture suits with your Rich Dowry well:
 Here (c) *Ivy's* always Green, and *Lawrels* grow,
 And (d) *Christial-Streams* of *Wit* and *Nectar* flow.
 Here from (e) *Parnassus-Hills*, with distant Scorn,
 The *World* I view; to *Paradise* am born.
 The Journey's short to *Heav'n*, no Combrance marks
 My Flight, swift *Pegasus* soon strikes the Stars.

(a) Bride-Maids. (b) The Poet's Estate. (c) Well Wooded. (d) Well Water'd. (e) A good Prospect.

Here is (f) *Minerva's*, and not far from hence
Apollo's, and the *Muses* Residence.

A pretty (g) Club of Fellowship lives here,
 Whose Learned Musick ravishes my Ear.

Homer Diverts me with his Grateful Verses,
 And *Virgil* Brave Exploits of Arms rehearſes;
Juvenal too can't chuſe but make me ſmile,
 Lathing my Servants with *Satyrick* Style.

Horace oft puts me on a Merry Pin,
 And his Facetious Odes relieve my Spleen:

Of *Hero* and *Leander's* Amorous Fire,
Musaſus Sings, and *Hefiod* I admire.

Theocritus and *Maro* Act the Swain,
 And from *Pythagoras* I Morals gain.

Blind Grandfire *Homer* teaches me to move
 In Warlike Poſture; *Ovid* how to Love.

Clio oft Viſits me, and all the reſt;
 Nor is *Minerva* ſhy to be our Gueſt.

With theſe ſweet *Nymphs*, thy Paſſime thou may'ſt take,
 And theſe our *Goddesses*, our *Bride-Maids* make.

Mine's the Green *Ivy*, and the *Lawrel* Crown,
~~My~~ *Gardens* at my Feet laid down.

I am a King, King of *Parnassus* Hill,
 Renown'd *Tibullus*, his Great Throne I fill:

Joyn'd with ME, *Queen* of Poets, you ſhall Reign,
 And to be *Oxford's* *Queen* do you diſdain:

When with the *Ivy-Wreath* thou deck'd ſhalt be,
 All that behold thy Pomp ſhall Envy thee.

In the ſame Chariot you ſhall with me ride,
 And (b) *Pegasus* ſhall help to draw my Bride;

And as Bright *Phabus* doth his Beams diſplay,
 And with his Radiant Luſtre make it Day;

Throughout the World ſo ſhall my Poems fly,
 And Pregnant Muſe ſupply Poſterity.

Perkins's Fame ſhall hundred Ages run,
 One Day ſhall end, the Poet and the Sun.

When *Phaeton's* fierce Flames the World ſhall burn,
 And *Earth* and *Ocean* into *Chaos* turn;

Then shall my *Muse*, and not till then expire,
 And be consum'd in a common Fire.
 Nay, when the Angels the World's fall bemoan,
 They from the Flames shall snatch my *Muse* alone.

Nor *Fire*, nor *Thunder*, shall my Verses dread,
 My *Lawrel's Lightning-Proof* upon my Head:
 Nor *Time*, nor *Slandering Zoius* his Spite,
 Shall e'er destroy the Verses that I write.

A *Laureat-Lover* then no more refuse,
 My Dear, e'en Dearer to me than my *Muse*.

Jos. Perkins.

From *Parnassus*, July 1707.

*Semel in Anno,
 Ridet Apollo.*

Epistola

Epistola Poetæ Amatoria.

Perlege versiculos, Charitum Pulcherrima, nostros,
Tyndaridos Titulo digna Puella frui.
Dumq; legis, sensum præcordia flamma subintret,
Et repleat vacuum Cor Generosus Amor.
Nam me Pegasides non aspernantur Amantem;
Sunt Musæ faciles in mea vota novem.
Mille meos Nymphæ Thalamos petiere venustæ:
Mille Puellarum vota tenere potes.
" Nam mihi cunctarum subeunt fastidia, postquam,
Conjugii spes est, O Galatea, tui.
Jungere Te Sacro si Tu dignabere vati,
Ornabit Thalamos quæq; Camæna tuos.
Orpheæq; Lyre resonabunt fila Canora,
Et Phœbus docto pollice tanget Ebur.
Ancillæ Officium præstabit candida Clio,
Lectiq; aderit Gratia quæq; tuo.
At ne contemnas nostros, Amarylli, Calores,
Rem tibi narrabo protinus ipse meam.
Est mihi Prædiolum (a) Parnassi montibus altis:
Respondet vestris dotibus illa Domus.
Hic Lauri semper (b) virides, hederæq; decoræ,
Semper & ingenii Flumina (c) clara meant.
Hinc de longinquo Mundi contemplor honores:
Me jûga Parnassi, me Paradisus habet.
Transitus in Cœlum brevis hinc: non dura Catena
Me retinet: volucer Pegasus Astra petit.
Et mihi vicina est Artis Regina (d) Minervæ:
Hic Aula est Phœbi Pieridumq; Domus.
Sunt mecum (e) Comites, bellissima Turba, Poetæ,
Mulcet & Auriculas Musica docta meas.

(a) Bene locatum & situm. (b) Sylvosum. (c) Bene aquatum.
(d) Boni proximi.

Sæpè mihi gratum Comitem se præbet *Homerus*;
 Et mihi *Virgilius* bellica facta canit.
 Oblectatq; Animum Satyris Juvenalis acutis,
 Et Scuticis Servos corrigit ille meos.
 Sæpè meos agitas pulmônes, Flacce, dolenti,
 Et Sanat bilem Musa jocosa meam.
 Herûs Leandriq; canit Musæus Amores,
 Hesiodusque mihi Carmina mira canit.
 Custoditq; Maro, Pastorq; Theocritus Agnos:
 Pythagoras Mores me docet ipse bonos.
 Prælia luce carens Grandævus cantat *Homerus*,
 Et Naso teneri Doctor Amoris erit.
 Et fletit ante fores celeri Caducifer alâ,
 " Dixit &, Hæc Phæbus Laureæ sortæ dedit.
 " Teque domum vocat hic excelsæ vertice Nisæ:
 " Nam vatum Celebrem convocat ille Gregem. *Chorum*
 " Vatibus hic vobis Convivia clara parantur:
 " Amphora vos veteri Nectare plena Manet.
 " Unda Caballino dabitur Tibi fonte petita,
 " Inque, jugis Cyrrhæ nocte quietus eris.
 " Inde fluent versus, epoto gurgite Sacro,
 " Et Primo ut vigiles *Ennius* alter eris.
 " Orpheus hic aderit, Cytharæq; peritus *Araion*,
 " Saltabunt Satyri Pieridumq; Chori.
 Hæc mihi Mercurius promiserat, hæc Ego vobis:
 Pegasidum fueris mista, Puella, Gregi.
 His liceat semper Sociis colludere Nymphis:
 † Cultrices Thalami Numina nostra tui.
 Hospita sæpe mihi Clio, Cliausq; sorores,
 Nec temnit nostram docta Minerva Domum.
 Invisit vatem nuper Divinus Apollo,
 Nec sprevit nostræ Tectæ subire Casæ.
 Effig; mihi Laurus viridis Diadema Poetæ:
 Sceptrum facundi virgula Mercurii.
 Parnassus Domus est: Potus Pirenides undæ,
 Pegasus & plenus Nectare Bucephalus.
 Sum Rex: & summo Parnassi vertice regno,
 Et potior Solio, magne Tibulle, tuo.

Tu conjuncta mihi fies *Regina* Poeta:
Reginam Cyrrha dedecus esse putas?
Ex hedris textum cum Te Diadema coronet,
Invidiam cunctis inde movere potes.
Juncta meo lateri curru rapieris eodem:
Jungetur vestris Pegasus ipse Rotis.
Conjugis ille mea iamam super Astra Polosq;
Evehet, & nostros Palladis instar eris.
Utq; Pater Phæbus radiis loca cuncta coruscis
Lustrat, & in solo lucida Regna tenet;
Sic mea per latas radiabunt Carmina Terras:
Omnia sunt Scriptis plena futura meis.
Famaq; Perkinsi per sæcula longa manebit:
Et Solem & vatem finiet una Dies.
Cum Phaetonteis ingens flagrabit Olympus
Ignibus, & fient Terra Fretumq; Chaos;
Carmina Communi mea protinus igne peribunt:
Una mei & Mundi flamma suprema Rogi.
Angeliciq; Chori plorabunt funera Mundi,
Et rapiant sævis Carmina nostra focis.
Versibus & nostris cum fax terrena peribit,
Particulam Sanctam summa per Astra ferent.
Non ignes metuere mei, non fulmina versus,
Non tanget Lauros flamma trifurca meas.
Non Saturnus edax, non duri Zoili, morsus,
Non perdet versus invida lingua meos.
Ergo Laurigerum noli contemnere Amantem,
O mihi vel Musis charior una meis.

Ex Parnasso. July 1707.

F I N I S.